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LOPEZ AND WEMYSS'
EDITION.

NO. 4.

OF THE
ACTING AMERICAN THEATRE.

THE PETITE COMEDY OF
THE OLD MAID,
WITH A PORTRAIT OF
MRS. FRANCIS,
IN THE CHARACTER OF
MISS HARLOW.

The Plays carefully corrected from the Prompt books of the
PHILADELPHIA THEATRE.

By M. Lopez, Prompter.

PUBLISHED BY A. R. POOLE, PHILADELPHIA,
E. M. MURDEN, NEW YORK, and P. THOMPSON, WASH-
INGTON CITY.

FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

And to be had of all the principal booksellers in the
UNITED STATES.

Price to Non-Subscribers, Fifty Cents.

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In presenting to the Public the first Number of the Acting American Theatre, the proprietors feel a pleasure in producing a specimen of American Work, which they trust will satisfy their patrons, of their determination to set emolument aside.

The want of a work, in which would be combined the excellence of the most perfect copy, with the manner of its exhibition on the Stage, a *desideratum* to the profession and an advantage to the public, induced the late Mr. Oxberry to commence his edition, the usefulness of which has been sufficiently tested; had that work been peculiarly adapted to this country, it would have been arrogance in us to have entered the lists, but it is not:—a comparison of the copy of Oxberry, with the representation on the Stage, will at once show how necessarily the English plays have been Americanized, it is our object to print them as represented on the American Stage, and the proprietors hope to give general satisfaction on this head.

It is intended to embellish each number with a characteristic portrait of some performer on the American boards. The portraits will as far as practicable be executed by Mr. Neagle, and the engraving by Mr. Longacre, both Americans; possessing talents which rank them high in public opinion.

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Every exertion will be made to obtain Original American Dramas, which will be printed as early as possible.

The superintendence of this Publication has been assigned to M. Lopez, Prompter of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Theatres.

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Each Number must be paid for on delivery.

The work will be continued if 500 subscribers can be obtained.

Twenty-five proof impressions of each plate will be printed, the price of which to subscribers, will be \$1, to non-subscribers, \$1 50 each.





MRS. FRANCIS,
AS MISS HARLOW.

Engraved by J.B. Longacre from a Painting by J. Neagle.

Lopez and Wemyss' Edition.

Published by A.R. Poole Philadelphia 1826.

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LOPEZ & WEMYSS'

EDITION.

ACTING AMERICAN THEATRE.

CONTAINING THE MOST

POPULAR PLAYS,

AS THEY ARE PERFORMED AT THE

PHILADELPHIA THEATRE;

Carefully corrected and published from the Prompt Books; and
accompanied with likenesses of

DISTINGUISHED PERFORMERS,

IN CHARACTERS,

Engraved from Portraits executed for the Work, by
Eminent Artists.

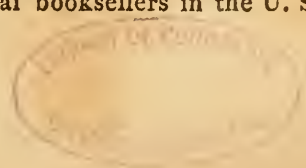
By M. Lopez, Prompter,

OF THE PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE THEATRES.

PUBLISHED BY A. R. POOLE, CHESNUT STREET,

FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

And to be had of all the principal booksellers in the U. S.



Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit :



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D. CALDWELL.

Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

LOPEZ AND WEMYSS'
EDITION.

✓ THE
ACTING AMERICAN THEATRE. *yes, 4*

THE OLD MAID,

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS,

Arthur
BY MR. MURPHY.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF

MRS. FRANCIS,

AS

MISS HARLOW.

The Plays carefully corrected from the Prompt books of the
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H. Black
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UNITED STATES.

Price to non-subscribers, Fifty cents.

1826

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Aug. 25/26

Persons Represented.



					1826.
					<i>Philadelphia.</i>
<i>Mr. Harlow</i>	Mr. Darley.
<i>Mr. Clerimont</i>	Mr. Wemyss.
<i>Captain Cape</i>	Mr. Jefferson.
<i>Servant</i>	Mr. Murray.
<i>Mrs. Harlow</i>	Mrs. Anderson
<i>Miss Harlow</i>	Mrs. Francis.

Stage Directions.

By	R. H.	is meant	Right Hand.
	L. H.		Left Hand.
	S. E.		Second Entrance.
	U. E.		Upper Entrance.
	M. D.		Middle Door.
	D. F.		Door in Flat.
	R. H. D.		Right Hand Door.
	L. H. D.		Left Hand Door.

Time of Representation.—One hour.

THE OLD MAID.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter MRS. HARLOW *and* MISS HARLOW, R. H.

Mrs. Har. My dear sister, let me tell you—

Miss Har. But, my dear sister, let me tell you it is in vain; you can say nothing that will have effect.

Mrs. Har. Not if you won't hear me—only hear me—

Miss Har. Oh! ma'am, I know you love to hear yourself talk, and so please yourself; but I am resolved—

Mrs. Har. Your resolution may alter.

Miss Har. Never.

Mrs. Har. Upon a little consideration.

Miss Har. Upon no consideration.

Mrs. Har. You don't know how that may be—recollect, sister, that you are no chicken—you are not now of the age that becomes giddiness and folly.

Miss Har. Age, ma'am—

Mrs. Har. Do but hear me, sister—do but hear me—a person of your years—

Miss Har. My years, sister! Upon my word—

Mrs. Har. Nay, no offence, sister.

Miss Har. But there is offence, ma'am:—I don't understand what you mean by it—always thwarting me with my years—my years, indeed! when perhaps, ma'am, If I was to die of old age, some folks might have reason to look about them.

Mrs. Har. She feels it I see—Oh! I delight in mortifying her—(*Aside.*)—Sister, if I did not love you, I am sure I should not talk to you in this manner; but how can you make so unkind a return now as to alarm me about myself?—In some sixteen or eighteen years after you, to be sure, I own I shall begin to think of making my will—How could you be so severe?

Miss Har. Some sixteen or eighteen years ma'am!—If you would own the truth, ma'am,—I believe, ma'am,—you would find, ma'am, that the disparity, ma'am, is not so very great ma'am—

Mrs. Har. Well! I vow passion becomes you inordinately—it blends a few roses with the lillies of your cheek, and—

Miss Har. And tho' you are married to my brother, ma'am, I would have you to know ma'am, that you are not thereby any way authorised, ma'am, to take unbecoming liberties with his sister.—I am independent of my brother, ma'am—my fortune is in my own hands, ma'am, and ma'am—

Mrs. Har. Well! do you know now when your blood circulates a little, that I think you look mighty well?—But you was in the wrong not to marry at my age—sweet three and twenty!—you can't conceive what a deal of good it would have done your temper and your spirits, if you had married early—

Miss Har. Insolent!—provoking—female malice—

Mrs. Har. But to be waiting till it is almost too late in the day, and force one's self to say strange things;—with the tongue and heart at variance all the time—"I don't mind the hideous men"—"I am very happy as I am"—and all that time, my dear, dear sister—to be upon the tenter-hooks of expectation—

Miss Har. I upon tenter-hooks!—

Mrs. Har. And to be at this work of sour grapes till one is turned of three and forty—

Miss Har. Three and forty, ma'am !—I desire, sister—I desire, ma'am—three and forty, ma'am—

Mrs. Har. Nay—nay—nay—don't be angry—don't blame me—blame my husband ; he is your own brother, you know, and he knows your age—He told me so.

Miss Har. Oh ! ma'am, I see your drift—but you need not give yourself those airs, ma'am—the men don't see with your eyes, ma'am—years, indeed ! three and forty, truly !—I'll assure you—upon my word—ha ! very fine !—But I see plainly, ma'am, what you are at—Mr. Clerimont, madam ! Mr. Clerimont, sister ! that's what frets you—a young husband, ma'am—younger than your husband, ma'am—Mr. Clerimont, let me tell you, ma'am—

Enter SERVANT, L. H. who delivers a letter to
MISS HARLOW.

Serv. A letter madam.

Miss Har. Let me see it—let me see it—quick—quick—(*Reads.*)

(*Exit SERV. L. H.*)

“Madam,

“The honour of a letter from you has so filled
“my mind with joy and gratitude, that I want words
“of force to reach but half my meaning. I can
“only say that you have revived a heart that was
“expiring for you, and now beats for you alone.”
There sister, mind that !—years indeed.

(*Reads to herself.*)

Mrs. Har. I wish you joy, sister.—I wish I had not gone to Ranelagh with her last week.—Who could have thought that her faded beauties would have made such an impression on him ? (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. Mind here again, sister.—(*Reads.*)
“Ever since I had the good fortune of seeing you
“at Ranelagh, your idea has been ever present to
“me ; and since you now give me leave, I shall,
“without delay, wait upon your brother, and what—

“ever terms he prescribes, I shall readily subscribe
“to; for, to be your slave is dearer to me than li-
“berty. I have the honour to remain

“The humblest of your admirers,

“CLERIMONT.”

There, sister!—

Mrs. Har. Well! I wish you joy again—but remember I tell you, take care what you do., He is young, and of course giddy and inconstant.

Miss Har. He is warm, passionate, and tender.

Mrs. Har. But you don't know how long that may last—and here are you going to break off a very suitable match, which all your friends liked and approved, a match with captain Cape, who to be sure—

Miss Har. Don't name captain Cape, I beseech you, don't name him—

Mrs. Har. Captain Cape, let me tell you, is not to be despised; he has acquired by his voyages to India a very pretty fortune—has a charming box of a house upon Hackney Marsh—and is of an age every way suitable to you.

Miss Har. There again now!—age! age! age! for ever! years—years—my years!—But I tell you once for all, Mr. Clerimont does not see with your eyes—I am determined to hear no more of captain Cape—odious Hackney Marsh! ah! sister, you would be glad to see me married in a middling way.

Mrs. Har. I, sister! I am sure nobody will rejoice more at your preferment. I am resolved never to visit her if Mr. Clerimont marries her. (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. Well! well! I tell you Mr. Clerimont has won my heart—young, handsome, rich, town house, country house, equipage—To him, and only him, will I surrender myself—three and forty, indeed! ha! ha! you see, my dear, dear sister, that these features are still regular and blooming; that the

love-darting eye has not quite forsook me; and that I have made a conquest which your boasted youth might be vain of.

Mrs. Har. Oh! ma'am, I beg your pardon if I have taken too much liberty for your good.

Miss Har. I humbly thank you for your advice, my sweet, dear, friendly sister; but don't envy me, I beg you won't; don't fret yourself; you can't conceive what a deal of good a serenity of mind will do your health: I'll go and write an answer directly to this charming, charming letter; sister, yours; I shall be glad to see you, sister, at my house in Hill street, when I am Mrs. Clerimont; and remember what I tell you, that some faces retain their bloom and beauty longer than you imagine—my dear sister—let me fly this moment; sister, your servant.

(*Exit, L. H.*)

Enter MR. HARLOW, R. H.

Mr. Har. So, my dear; how are my sister's affairs going on?

Mrs. Har. Why, my dear, she has had another letter from Mr. Clerimont; did you ever hear of such an odd unaccountable thing patched up in a hurry here?

Mr. Har. Why, it is sudden, to be sure.

Mrs. Har. Upon my word, I think you had better advise her not to break off with captain Cape.

Mr. Har. No, not I; I wish she may be married to one or other of them, for her temper is really grown so very sour, and there is such eternal wrangling between ye both, that I wish to see her in her own house, for the peace and quiet of mine.

Mrs. Har. Do you know this Mr. Clerimont?

Mr. Har. No: but I have heard of the family. There is a very fine fortune; I wish he may hold his intention.

Mrs. Har. Why, I doubt it vastly.

Mr. Har. And truly, so do I, for, between ourselves, I see no charms in my sister.

Mrs. Har. For my part, I can't comprehend it; how she could strike his fancy, is to me the most astonishing thing. After this, I shall be surprised at nothing.

Mr. Har. Well, strange things do happen; so she is but married out of the way, I am satisfied; an old maid in a house is the devil.

Enter SERVANT, L. H.

Serv. Mr. Clerimont, sir, to wait on you.

Mr. Har. Shew him in. (*Exit SERVANT, L. H.*)
How comes this visit, pray?

Mrs. Har. My sister wrote to him to explain himself to you; well, it is mighty odd, but I'll leave you to yourselves. The man must be an idiot to think of her.
(*Aside, and exit R. H.*)

Enter MR. CLERIMONT, L. H.

Mr. Har. Sir, I am glad to have this pleasure.

Cleri. I presume, sir, you are no stranger to the business that occasions this visit.

Mr. Har. Sir, the honour you do me and my family—

Cleri. Oh, sir, to be allied to your family by so tender a tie as a marriage with your sister, will at once reflect a credit upon me, and conduce to my happiness in the most essential point. The lady charmed me at the very first sight.

Mr. Har. (*Aside.*) The devil she did!

Cleri. The sensibility of her countenance, the elegance of her figure, the sweetness of her manner—

Mr. Har. Sir, you are pleased to—compliment!

Cleri. Compliment! not in the least, sir.

Mr. Har. The sweetness of my sister's manner, ha, ha ! *(Aside.)*

Cleri. The first time I saw her was a few nights ago at Ranelagh; though there was a crowd of beauties in the room, thronging and pressing all around, yet she shone amongst them all with superior lustre; she was walking arm in arm with another lady, no opportunity offered for me to form an acquaintance amidst the hurry and bustle of the place, but I enquired their names as they were going into their chariot, and learned they were Mrs. and Miss Harlow. From that moment she won my heart and at one glance I became the willing captive of her beauty.

Mr. Har. A very candid declaration, Sir ! How can this be ? The bloom has been off the peach any time these fifteen years, to my knowledge. *(Aside.)* You see my sister with a favourable eye, sir.

Cleri. A favourable eye ! he must greatly want discernment, who has not a quick perception of her merit.

Mr. Har. You do her a great deal of honour; but this affair, is it not somewhat sudden, sir ?

Cleri. I grant it ; you may indeed be surprised at it, sir ; nor should I have been hardy enough to make any overtures to you, at least yet awhile, if she herself had not condescended to listen to my passion, and authorised me under her own fair hand to apply to her brother for his consent.

Mr. Har. I shall be very ready, sir, to give my approbation to my sister's happiness.

Cleri. No doubt you will : but let me not cherish an unavailing flame, a flame that already lights up all my tenderest passions.

Mr. Har. But have you consulted your friends ?

Cleri. I have—my uncle, Mr. Heartwell—who proposes to leave me a very handsome addition to my fortune, which is considerable already ; he, sir—

Mr. Har. Well, sir, if he has no objection, I can have none.

Cleri. He has none, sir; he has given his consent; he desires me to lose no time. I will bring him to pay you a visit; he rejoices in my choice; you shall have it out of his own mouth; name your hour, and he shall attend you. In the mean time, I feel an attachment here; the lady, sir.

Mr. Har. Oh! you want to see my sister, I will send her to you, sir, this instant; I beg your pardon for leaving you alone. Ha! ha! who would have thought of her making a conquest at last.

(*Exit, R. H.*)

Cleri. (*Alone.*) Sir, your most obedient; now, Clerimont, now your heart may rest content; your doubts and fears may all subside, and joy and rapture take their place. Miss Harlow shall be mine, she receives my vows; she approves my passion. (*Sings and dances.*) Soft! here she comes; her very appearance controuls my wildest hopes, and hushes my proud heart into respect and silent admiration.

Enter MRS. HARLOW, R. H. S. E.

Mrs. Har. Sir, your servant.

Cleri. Madam. (*Bows respectfully.*)

Mrs. Har. I thought Mr. Harlow was here, sir.

Cleri. Madam, he is but just gone. How a single glance of her eye over-awes me! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Har. I wonder he would leave you alone, sir, that is not so polite in his own house.

Cleri. My tongue falters! I can't speak to her. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Har. He seems in confusion; a pretty man too! that this should be my sister's luck! (*Aside.*)

Cleri. Madam! (*Embarrassed.*)

Mrs. Har. I imagine you have been talking to him on the subject of the letter you sent this morning.

Cleri. Madam, I have presumed to—

Mrs. Har. Well, sir, and he has no objection, I hope.

Cleri. She hopes! Heavens bless her for the word.

(*Aside.*) Madam, he has frankly consented, if his sister will do me that honour.

Mrs. Har. For his sister, I think I may venture to answer, sir.

Cleri. Generous, generous creature!

Mrs. Har. You are sure, sir, of Miss Harlow's admiration, and the whole family hold themselves much obliged to you.

Cleri. Madam, it shall be the endeavour of my life to prove deserving of the amiable object I have dared to aspire to.

Mrs. Har. Sir, I make no doubt of your sincerity; I have already declared my sentiments; you know Mr. Harlow's; and if my sister is willing, nothing will be wanting to conclude this business: if no difficulties arise from her, for her temper is uncertain; as to my consent, sir, your air, your manner have commanded it. Sir, your most obedient, I'll send my sister to you. (*Exit MRS. HARLOW R. H.*)

Cleri. Madam, (*Bowing.*) I shall endeavour to repay this goodness with excess of gratitude. Oh! she is an angel! and yet, stupid that I am, I could not give vent to the tenderness I have within. I hear somebody.—Oh, here comes Mrs. Harlow; what a gloom sits upon her features! She assumes authority here I find, but I'll endeavour by insinuation and respect—

Enter MISS HARLOW, R. H.

Miss Har. My sister has told me, sir—

Cleri. Ma'am. (*Bowing cheerfully.*)

Miss Har. He is a sweet figure. (*Aside.*)

Cleri. She rather looks like Miss Harlow's grandmother than her sister in-law. (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. He seems abashed ; his respect is the cause. (*Aside.*) My sister told me, sir, that you was here ; I beg pardon for making you wait so long.

Cleri. Oh, ma'am. (*Bows.*) The gloom disappears from her face, but the lines of ill-nature remain.

(*Aside.*)

Miss Har. I see he loves me by his confusion ; I'll cheer him with affability. (*Aside.*) Sir, the letter you was pleased to send, my sister has seen, and—

Cleri. And has assured me that she has no objection.

Miss Har. I am glad of that, sir ; I was afraid—

Cleri. No, ma'am, she has none ; and Mr. Harlow, I have seen him too ; he has honoured me with his consent : now, madam the only doubt remains with you ; may I be permitted to hope—

Miss Har. Sir, you appear like a gentleman, and—

Cleri. Madam, believe me, never was love more sincere, more justly founded on esteem, or kindled into higher admiration.

Miss Har. Sir, with the rest of the family, I hold myself much obliged to you, and—

Cleri. Obligated ! 'tis I that am obliged ; there is no merit on my side, it is the consequence of impressions made upon my heart, and what heart can resist such beauty, such various graces !

Miss Har. Sir, I am afraid—I wish my sister heard him. (*Aside.*) Sir, I am afraid you are lavish of your praise ; and the short date of your love, sir—

Cleri. It will burn with unabating ardour ; the same charms that first inspired it, will forever cherish it, and add new fuel ; but I presume you hold this style to try my sincerity ; I see that's your aim ; but could you read the feelings of my heart, you would not thus cruelly keep me in suspense.

Miss Har. Heavens ! if my sister saw my power over him. (*Aside.*) A little suspense cannot be

deemed unreasonable ; marriage is an important affair, an affair for life, and some caution you will allow necessary.

Cleri. Madam ! (*Disconcerted.*) Oh, I dread the sourness of her look ! (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. I can't help observing, sir, that you dwell chiefly on articles of external and superficial merit ; whereas, the more valuable qualities of the mind, prudence, good sense, a well regulated conduct—

Cleri. Oh, ma'am, I am not inattentive to those matters ; but let me entreat you, madam, to do justice to my principles, and believe me a sincere, a generous lover.

Miss Har. Sir, I will frankly own, that I have been trying you all this time, and from henceforth all doubts are banished.

Cleri. Your words recall me to new life ; I shall forever study to merit this goodness ; but your fair sister, do you think I can depend upon her consent ? May I flatter myself she will not change her mind ?

Miss Har. My sister cannot be insensible of the honour you do us all, and, sir, as far as I can act with propriety in the affair, I will endeavour to keep them all inclined to favour you.

Cleri. Madam. (*Bows.*)

Miss Har. You have an interest in my breast that will be busy for you.

Cleri. I am eternally devoted to you, madam.

(*Bows.*)

Miss Har. How modest and yet how expressive he is !

(*Aside.*)

Cleri. Madam, I shall be forever sensible of this extreme condescension, and shall think no pains too great to prove the gratitude and esteem I bear you. My respects to your sister, ma'am, and pray madam, keep her in my interest ; madam, your most obedient—I have managed the motherly lady finely, I think. (*Aside.*) Madam. (*Bows, and exit L. H.*)

Miss Har. What will my sister say now? I shall hear no more of her taunts; a malicious thing! I fancy she now sees that your giddy flirts are not always the highest beauties; set her up, indeed! had she but heard him, the dear man! What sweet things he said! and what sweet things he looked—

Enter MRS. HARLOW, R. H.

Mrs. Har. Well, sister! how! what does he say?
(*Crosses to centre.*)

Miss Har. Say, sister! every thing that is charming; he is the prettiest man—

Mrs. Har. Well! I am glad of it; but all's well that ends well.

Miss Har. Envy, sister! Envy and downright malice! Oh! had you heard all the tender things he uttered, and with that extacy too! that tenderness! that delight restrained by modesty!

Mrs. Har. I don't know tho'; there is something odd in it still.

Miss Har. Oh! I don't doubt but you will say so; but you will find I have beauty enough left to make some noise in the world still. The men, sister, are the best judges of female beauty; don't concern yourself about it, sister, leave it all to them.

Mrs. Har. But only think of a lover you never saw, but once at Ranelagh.

Miss Har. Very true! but even then I saw what work I made in his heart; Oh! I am in raptures with him, and he is in raptures with me.

Enter MR. HARLOW, R. H.

Mr. Har. So, sister! how stand matters now?

Miss Har. As I could wish; I shall no more be a trouble to you: he has declared himself in the most warm and vehement manner. Tho' my sister has

her doubts, she is a good friend, she is afraid of my success—

Mrs. Har. Pray, sister, don't think so meanly of me—I understand that sneer, ma'am.

Miss Har. And I understand you too, ma'am.

Mr. Har. Come, come, I desire we may have no quarrelling; you two are always wrangling; but when you are separated, it is to be hoped you will then be more amicable. Things are now in a fair way; tho', sister, let me tell you, I am afraid our India friend will think himself ill treated.

Mrs. Har. That's what I fear too, that's my reason for speaking.

Miss Har. Oh! never throw away a thought on him. Mr. Clerimont has my heart; and now I think I am settled for life; sister, I love to plague her; now I think I am settled for life—for life—for life, my dear sister.

Enter SERVANT, R. H.

Serv. Dinner is served sir.

Mr. Har. Very well! (*Exit SERVANT, R. H.*)
Come, sister, I give you joy; let us in to dinner.

Miss Har. Oh, vulgar! I can't eat; I must go and dress my head over again, and do a thousand things; for I am determined I'll look this afternoon as well as ever I can. (*Crosses and Exit R. H.*)

Mrs. Har. Is not all this amazing, my dear? Her head is turned.

Mr. Har. Well, let it all pass, don't you mind it, don't you say any thing, let her get married if she can; I am sure I shall rejoice at it.

Mrs. Har. And upon my word, my dear, so shall I; and if I interfere, it is purely out of friendship.

Mr. Har. But be advised by me, say no more to her. If the affair goes on, we shall fairly get rid of her; her peevish humours, and her maiden tem-

per, are become insupportable. Come, let us in to dinner; if Mr. Clerimont marries her, which indeed, will be odd enough, we shall then enjoy a little peace and quiet. (*Exeunt R. H.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*A room at Mr. Harlow's.*

Enter SERVANT and CAPT. CAPE, L. H.

Serv. Yes, sir, my master is at home ; he has just done dinner, sir.

Cape. Very well then ; tell him I would speak a word with him.

Serv. I beg pardon, sir ; I am but a stranger in the family—who shall I say ?

Cape. Captain Cape, tell him, and be damn'd to you.

Serv. Yes, sir.

(Exit, R. H.)

Cape. I can hardly believe my own eyes ; s'death ! I am almost inclined to think this letter, signed with Miss Harlow's name, a mere forgery by some enemy, to drive me into an excess of passion, and so injure us both ; I don't know what to say to it—

Enter MR. HARLOW, R. H.

Cape. Sir, I have waited on you about an extraordinary affair ; I can't comprehend it, sir. Here is a letter with your sister's name ; Look at it, sir, is that her hand writing ?

Mr. Har. Yes, sir, I take it to be her writing.

Cape. And do you know the contents ?

Mr. Har. I can't say I have read it ; but—

Cape. But you know the purport of it ?

Mr. Har. Partly.

Cape. You do ? and is not it base treatment, sir ? is it not unwarrantable ? can you justify her ?

Mr. Har. For my part, I leave women to manage their own affairs ; I am not fond of intermeddling.

Cape. But, sir, let me ask you ; was not every thing agreed upon ? are not the writings now in lawyers' hands ? was not next week fixed for our wedding ?

Mr. Har. I understood it so.

Cape. Very well then, and see how she treats me ; she writes me here, in a contemptuous manner, "that she recalls her promise ; it was rashly given ; she has thought better of it ; she will listen to me no more ; she is going to dispose of herself to a gentleman with whom she can be happy for life ; and, I desire to see you no more, sir ;" There, that's free and easy, is not it ? what do you say to that ?

Mr. Har. Why really, sir, it is not my affair ; I have nothing to say to it.

Cape. Nothing to say to it ! Sir, I imagined I was dealing with people of honour.

Mr. Har. You have been dealing with a woman, and you know—

Cape. Yes, I know ; I know the treachery of the sex ; who is this gentleman, pray ?

Mr. Har. His name is Clerimont ; they have fixed the affair among themselves, and amongst them be it for me.

Cape. Very fine ! mighty fine ! Is Miss Harlow at home, sir ?

Mr. Har. She is ; and here she comes too.

Cape. Very well ! let me hear it from herself ; that's all ; I desire to hear her speak for herself.

Mr. Har. With all my heart. I'll leave you together ; you know, captain, I was never fond of being concerned in those things. (*Exit, R. H.*)

Enter MISS HARLOW, R. H. S. E.

Miss Har. Capt. Cape, this is mighty odd ; I thought, sir, I desired—

Cape. Madam, I acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and, madam, the usage is so extraordinary,

that I hold myself excusable if I refuse to comply with the terms you impose upon me.

Miss Har. Sir, I really wonder what you can mean.

Cape. Mistake me not, madam; I am not come to whimper or to whine, and to make a puppy of myself again: madam that is all blown over.

Miss Har. Well then, there is no harm done, and you will survive this I hope.

Cape. Survive it!

Miss Har. Yes; you won't grow desparate I hope. Suppose you were to order somebody to take care of you, because you know fits of despair are sudden, and you may rashly do yourself a mischief; don't do any such thing, I beg you won't.

Cape. This insult, madam! Do myself a mischief! Madam, don't flatter yourself that it is in your power to make me unhappy; it is not vexation brings me hither, I assure you.

Miss Har. Then let vexation take you away; we were never designed for one another.

Cape. My amazement brings me hither; amazement that any woman can behave—but I don't want to upbraid; I only come to ask—for I can hardly as yet believe it; I only come to ask if I am to credit this pretty epistle?

Miss Har. Every syllable; therefore take your answer, sir, and truce with your importunity.

Cape. Very well, ma'am, your humble servant, madam; I promise you ma'am, I can repay this scorn with scorn—with tenfold scorn, madam, such as this treatment deserves—that's all—I say no more: your servant ma'am; but let me ask you, is this a just return for all the attendance I have paid you these three years past?

Miss Har. Perfectly just, sir; three years! How could you be a dangler so long? I told you what it would come to; can you think that raising a woman's expectation, and tiring her out of all patience, is the way to make sure of her at last? you ought to have

been a brisker lover, you ought indeed, sir. I am now contracted to another, and so there is an end of every thing between us.

Cape. Very well, madam—and yet I cant bear to to be despised by her ; and can you, Miss Harlow, can you find it in your heart to treat me with this disdain ? have you no compassion ?

Miss Har. No, positively none, sir, none, none.

Cape. Your own Captain Cape, whom you—

Miss Har. Whom I despise.

Cape. Whom you have so often encouraged to adore you.

Miss Har. Pray, sir, don't touch my hand ; I am now the property of another.

Cape. Can't you still break off with him ?

Miss Har. No sir, I can't ; I won't ; I love him, and sir, if you are a man of honour, you will speak to me no more ; desist, sir, for if you don't, my brother shall tell you of it, sir, and to-morrow, Mr. Clerimont shall tell you of it.

Cape. Mr. Clerimont, madam, shall fight me, for daring—

Miss Har. And must I fight you too, most noble, valiant captain ?

Cape. Laughed at too !

Miss Har. What a passion you are in ! I can't bear to see a man in such a passion—Oh ! I have a happy riddance of you—the violence of your temper is dreadful—I won't stay a moment longer with you—you frighten me—you have your answer, and so your servant sir. *(Exit R. H.)*

Cape. Ay ! she is gone off like a fury, and the furies catch her, say I—I will never put up with this—I will find out this Mr. Clerimont, and he shall be accountable to me—Mr. Harlow too shall be accountable to me.

Enter MR. and MRS. HARLOW, R. H.

Cape. Mr. Harlow, I am used very ill here, sir, by all of you, and sir, let me tell you—

Mr. Har. Nay ; don't be angry with me, sir ; I was not to marry you—

Cape. But sir, I can't help being angry ; I must be angry ; and let me tell you, you don't behave like a gentleman.

Mrs. Har. How can Mr. Harlow help it, sir, if my sister—

Mr. Har. You are too warm ; you are indeed, sir ; let us both talk of this matter over a bottle.

Cape. No, sir ; no bottle ; over a cannon if you will.

Mrs. Har. Mercy on me, sir ; I beg you won't talk in that terrible manner—you frighten me, sir.

Mr. Har. Be you quiet, my dear ; Capt. Cape, I beg you will just step into that room with me ; and if, in the dispatching one bottle, I don't acquit myself of all sinister dealing, why then—come, come, be a little moderate ; you shall step with me ; I'll take it as a favour—come, come, you must—

Cape. I always found you a gentleman, Mr. Harlow, and so with all my heart ; I don't care if I do talk the matter over with you.

Mr. Har. Sir I am obliged to you ; I'll shew you the way. *(Exeunt C. D.)*

Mrs. Har. It is just as I foresaw ; my sister was sure of him, and now is she going to break off for a young man, that will despise her in a little time ; I wish she would have Capt. Cape.

Enter MISS HARLOW, R. H.

Miss Har. Is he gone, sister ?

Mrs. Har. No : and here is the deuce and all to do ; he is for fighting every body ; upon my word

you are wrong ; you don't behave genteelly in the affair.

Miss Har. Genteelly ! I like that notion prodigiously ; an't I going to marry genteelly ?

Mrs. Har. Well, follow your own inclinations ; I won't intermeddle any more, I promise you ; I'll step into the parlour, and see what they are about.
(*Exit c. d.*)

Miss Har. As you please, ma'am ; I see plainly the ill-natured thing can't bear my success—Heavens ! here comes Mr. Clerimont.

Enter MR. CLERIMONT, L. H.

Miss Har. You are earlier than I expected, sir.

Cleri. I have flown, madam, upon the wings of love ; I have seen my uncle, and he will be here within this half hour ; every thing succeeds to my wishes with him ; I hope there is no alteration here, madam, since I saw you—

Miss Har. Nothing that signifies, sir.

Cleri. You alarm me ; Mr. Harlow has not changed his mind, I hope.

Miss Har. No, sir, he continues in the same mind.

Cleri. And your sister—I tremble with doubt and fear ; she does not surely recede from the sentiments she flattered me with.

Miss Har. Why there, indeed, I can't say much, she—

Cleri. How !

Miss Har. She—I don't know what to make of her.

Cleri. Oh ! I am on the rack ; in pity do not torture me.

Miss Har. How tremblingly solicitous he is. Oh ! I have made a sure conquest. (*Aside.*) Why, she, sir—

Cleri. Ay,

(*Disconcerted.*)

Miss Har. She does not seem entirely to approve—

Cleri. You kill me with despair.

Miss Har. Oh! he is deeply smitten. (*Aside.*)
She thinks another match would suit better.

Cleri. Another match!

Miss Har. Yes, another; an India captain, who has made his proposals; but I shall take care to see him dismissed.

Cleri. Will you?

Miss Har. I promise you I will; tho' he runs much in my sister's head, and she has taken pains to bring my other relations over to her opinion.

Cleri. Oh! cruel, cruel! I could not have expected that from her; but has she fixed her heart upon a match with this other gentleman?

Miss Har. Why, truly I think she has; but my will in this affair must be, and shall be consulted.

Cleri. And so it ought, ma'am; your long acquaintance with the world, madam—

Miss Har. Long acquaintance, sir! I have but a few years experience only.

Cleri. That is, your good sense, ma'am; oh! confound my tongue! how that slipped from me. (*Aside.*) Your good sense, your early good sense—and—and—inclination should be consulted.

Miss Har. And they shall, sir; hark! I hear her; I'll tell you what, I'll leave you this opportunity to speak to her once more, and try to win her over by persuasion; it will make things easy if you can; I am gone, sir. (*Curtsies affectedly and exit, R. H.*)

Cleri. The happiness of my life will be owing to you, madam. The woman is really better natured than I thought she was; she comes, the lovely tyrant comes.

Enter MRS. HARLOW, C. D. F.

Cleri. She triumphs in her cruelty, and I am ruined. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Har. You seem afflicted, sir; I hope no misfortune—

Cleri. The severest misfortune! You have broke my heart.

Mrs. Har. I break your heart, sir?

Cleri. Yes, cruel fair, you—you have undone me.

Mrs. Har. You amaze me, sir, pray how can I—

Cleri. The gentleman from India, madam; I have heard it all; you can give him a preference; you can blast my hopes, my fond delighted hopes, which you yourself had cherished.

Mrs. Har. The gentleman is a very good sort of man.

Cleri. Oh! she loves him, I see. *(Aside.)* Madam, I perceive my doom is fixed, and fixed by you.

Mrs. Har. How have I fixed your doom? If I speak favourably of Capt. Cape, he deserves it, sir.

Cleri. Oh, Heavens! I cannot bear this. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. Har. I believe there is nobody that knows the gentleman, but will give him his due praise—

Cleri. Love! love! love! *(Aside.)*

Mrs. Har. And besides, his claim is in fact prior to yours.

Cleri. And must love be governed, like the business of mechanics, by the laws of tyrant custom? Can you think so, Madam?

Mrs. Har. Why, Sir, you know I am not in love.

Cleri. Oh! cruel! no, madam, I see you are not.

Mrs. Har. And really now, sir, reasonably speaking, my sister is for treating captain Cape very ill—He has been dancing attendance here these three years.

Cleri. Yet that you knew, when you were pleased to fan the rising flame, that matchless beauty had kindled in my heart.

Mrs. Har. Matchless beauty! ha! ha! I cannot but laugh at that. *(Aside.)*

Cleri. Laugh, madam, if you will, triumph, if you will; I am resigned to my fate, since you will have it so.

Mrs. Har. I have it so! you seem to frighten yourself without cause: if I speak favourably of any body else, sir, what then? I am not to marry him, you know.

Cleri. An't you?

Mrs. Har. I! no, truly, thank Heaven!

Cleri. She revives me. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Har. That must be as my sister pleases.

Cleri. Must it?

Mrs. Har. Must it? to be sure it must.

Cleri. And may I hope some interest in your heart?

Mrs. Har. My heart, sir! I don't understand you! Why, it has been given away long ago.

Cleri. I pray you do not tyrannize me thus with alternat doubts and fears; if you will but bless me with the least kind return.

Mrs. Har. Kind return! what, would you have me fall in love with you?

Cleri. It will be generous to him who adores you.

Mrs. Har. Adore me!

Cleri. Even to idolatry.

Mrs. Har. What can he mean? I thought my sister was the object of your adoration.

Cleri. Your sister, ma'am! I shall ever respect her as my friend on this occasion, but love—no, no, she is no object for that.

Mrs. Har. No!

Cleri. She may have been handsome in her time, but that has been all over long ago.

Mrs. Har. Well! this is charming; I wish she heard him now, with her new-fangled airs. (*Aside.*)
But let me understand you sir; adore me!

Cleri. You! you! and only you! by this fair hand. (*Kisses it.*)

Mrs. Har. And was that your drift in coming hither?

Cleri. What else could induce me?

Mrs. Har. And introduced yourself here, to have an opportunity of speaking to me?

Cleri. My angel! don't torment me thus.

Mrs. Har. Angel! and pray, sir, what do you suppose Mr. Harlow will say to this?

Cleri. Oh! ma'am, he! he approves my passion.

Mrs. Har. Does he really? I must speak to him about that.

Cleri. Do so, ma'am, you will find I am a man of more honour than to deceive you.

Mrs. Har. Well! it will be whimsical if he does—and my sister too, this will be a charming discovery for her. *(Aside.)* Ha! ha! well! really, sir, this is mighty odd. I'll speak to Mr. Harlow about this matter this very moment. *(Going.)*

Cleri. Oh! you will find it all true—and may I then flatter myself—

Mrs. Har. Oh! to be sure; such an honourable project; I'll step to him this moment, and then, sister, I shall make such a piece of work for you.

Cleri. Very well, ma'am, see Mr. Harlow immediately, he will confirm it to you;—*(Exit MRS. HARLOW, C. D. F.)*—while there is life there is hope—such matchless beauty!

Enter MISS HARLOW, R. H.

Miss Har. I beg your pardon, sir, for leaving you all this time; well, what says my sister?

Cleri. She has given me some glimmering hopes.

Miss Har. Well, don't be uneasy about her; it shall be as I please.

Cleri. But with her own free consent it would be better; however, to you I am bound by every tie, and thus let me seal a vow. *(Kisses her hand.)*

Miss Har. He certainly is a very passionate lover—Lord! he is ready to eat my hand up with kisses—I wish my sister saw this. *(Aside.)* Hush! I hear Capt. Cape's voice; the hideous Tramontane!

he is coming this way ; I would not see him again for the world ; I'll withdraw a moment, sir ; you'll excuse me, Mr. Clerimont. (*He kisses her hand and she curtsies very low.*) Your servant, sir. Oh! he is a charming man. (*Curtsies, and exit, R. H.*)

Enter CAPT. CAPE, C. D. F. (*comes down L. H.*)

Cape. There she goes, the perfidious! sir, I understand your name is Clerimont.

Cleri. At your service, sir.

Cape. Then, sir, draw this moment.

Cleri. Draw, sir! for what?

Cape. No evasion, sir.

Cleri. Explain the cause.

Cape. The cause is too plain ; your making love to that lady who went out there this moment.

Cleri. That lady! not I, upon my honour, sir.

Cape. No shuffling, sir, draw.

Cleri. Sir, I can repel an injury like this ; but your quarrel is groundless ; and, sir, if ever I made love to that lady, I will lay my bosom naked to your sword. That lady! I resign all manner of pretension to her.

Cape. You resign her, sir.

Cleri. Entirely.

Cape. Then I am pacified. (*Puts up his sword.*)

Cleri. Upon my word, sir, I never so much as thought of the lady.

Enter MR. HARLOW, C. D. F.

Mr. Har. So, sir, fine doings you have been carrying on here.

Cleri. Sir!

Mr. Har. You have been making love to my wife I find.

Cleri. Upon my word, Mr. Harlow -

Mr. Har. You have behaved in a very base manner, and I insist upon satisfaction; draw sir. (*draws.*)

Cleri. This is the strangest accident! I assure you, sir, only give me leave—

Mr. Har. I will not give you leave; I insist—

Cape. (*Crosses to centre.*) Nay, nay, Mr. Harlow, this is neither time or place; and besides, hear the gentleman; I have been over-hasty, and he has satisfied me, only hear him.

Mr. Har. Sir, I will believe my own wife; come on, sir.

Cleri. I assure you, Mr. Harlow, I came into this house upon honourable principles—induced, sir, by my regard for Miss Harlow.

Cape. For Miss Harlow! zoons, draw.

Cleri. Again! this is downright madness; two upon me at once, you will murder me between you.

Mr. Har. (*Crosses to Centre.*) There is one too many upon him, sure enough and so, captain put up.

Cape. Resign your pretensions to Miss Harlow.

Cleri. Resign Miss Harlow! not for the universe—in her cause I can be as ready as any bravo of ye all. (*Draws his sword.*)

Mr. Har. For Heaven's sake, Capt. Cape, do moderate your anger, this is neither time or place; I have been too rash myself; I beg you'll be pacified. (*He puts up.*) Mr. Clerimont, sheath your sword.

Cleri. I obey, sir. (*Puts up his sword.*)

Mr. Har. Capt. Cape, how can you? you promised me you would let things take their course; if my sister will marry the gentleman, how is he to blame?

Cape. Very well, sir, I have done; she is a worthless woman, that's all.

Cleri. A worthless woman, sir!

Cape. Ay! worthless.

Cleri. Damnation! draw, sir! (*Draws his sword.*)

Mr. Har. Nay, nay, Mr. Clerimont; every thing was settled between us in the other room—recollect

yourself, do, I beg you will; Oh! here come the ladies.

Enter MRS. and MISS HARLOW, R. H.

Miss Har. Now, sister, you shall see I have completed my conquest.

Cleri. Now then I am happy indeed; my lovely, charming bride, thus let me snatch you to my heart, and thus, and thus. (*Embraces MRS. HARLOW.*)

Mr. Har. Zoons! before my face.

(*Pushing him away.*)

Cleri. Pry'thee, indulge my transport; my life, my angel!

Mr. Har. I desire you will desist, sir.

Cleri. Nay, nay, pry'thee be quiet; my charming, charming wife!

Mr. Har. That lady is not your wife.

Cleri. How, my wife, not my wife!

Mr. Har. Zoons! sir, no trifling; that lady is my wife.

Cleri. Sir!

Mr. Har. I say, sir, that lady is my wife!

Cape. Ha! ha! I see through this: it is a comedy of errors, I believe. (*Sings.*)

Cleri. Your wife, sir!

Mr. Har. Yes, my wife; and there is my sister, if you please to take her.

Cleri. Sir!

Mr. Har. Sir, this is the lady whom you have desired in marriage.

Cleri. Who I, sir? I beg your pardon, that lady I took to be your wife. (*Pointing to MISS HARLOW.*) and that lady (*Pointing to MRS. HARLOW.*) I took to be your sister.

Cape and Mrs. Har. Ha! ha! ha!

Miss Har. Lord! lord! have I been made a fool of all this time! furies! torture! murder!

Cape. Ha! ha! my lady fair is taken in, I think.

Mrs. Har. Sister, the men don't see with my eyes,
ha! ha! *(Crosses to her.)*

Cape. Ha! ha! the gentleman is no dangler,
ma'am.

Mrs. Har. This is a complete conquest my sister
has made.

Miss Har. I can't bear this; Sir, I desire I may
not be made a jest of—did not you solicit me? im-
portune me?

Cleri. For your interest in that lady, ma'am,
whom I took for Miss Harlow; I beg your pardon
if I am mistaken—I hope there is no harm done.

Miss Har. Yes, sir, but there is harm done; I
am made sport of—exposed to derision—Oh! I
cannot bear this, I cannot bear it. *(Cries.)*

Mrs. Har. Don't cry, sister; some faces preserve
their bloom longer than others, you know, ha! ha!

Cape. Loll toll loll. *(Crosses behind to R. H.)*

Cleri. Since matters have turned so unexpectedly,
I beg pardon for my mistake, and sir, I take my
leave. *(Going, crosses to L. H.)*

Miss Har. And will you treat me in this manner,
sir? will you draw me into such a scrape, and not—

Cleri. Ma'am, that gentlemen would cut my throat
—his claim is prior to mine; and, I dare say, he
will be very glad to be reconciled, madam.

Miss Har. You are a base man then, and I reject
you. *(Crosses to Cape.)* Capt. Cape, I see my error,
sir, and I resign myself to you.

Cape. *(R. H.)* No, madam, I beg to be excused; I
have been a dangler too long; I ought to have been
a brisker lover; I shall endeavour to survive it,
ma'am; I won't do myself a mischief; and I have
my answer—I am off, madam, loll, toll, loll.

(Crosses to L. H.)

Cleri. Madam, I dare say the gentleman will
think better of it: Mr. Harlow, I am sorry for all
this confusion, and I beg pardon of the whole com-
pany for my mistake. Mrs. Harlow, I wish you all

happiness, ma'am—Angelic creature ! what a misfortune to lose her !
(*Bows and exit, L. H.*)

Cape. And I will follow his example—Miss Harlow, I wish you all happiness—Angelic creature ! what a misfortune to lose her ! loll, toll, loll.

(*Exit, L. H.*)

Miss Har. Oh ! oh ! I can't bear to be treated in this manner—I'll go and hide myself from the world for ever—Oh ! oh ! the men are all savages, barbarians, monsters, and I hate the whole sex—Oh ! oh !
(*Cries bitterly, and exit, R. H.*)

Mr. Har. Ha ! ha ! very whimsical and ridiculous.

Mrs. Har. I cautioned my sister sufficiently about this matter, but vanity got the better of her, and leaves her now a whimsical instance of folly and affectation.

FINIS.

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